

ST. JOHNS HERALD

Incorporated April 27, 1887

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

The wise have decided that the "Is" have it in Klondike.

Why worry about the ability to get a bite in the Klondike regions? The mosquitoes will attend to that.

Jay Gould's matrimonial troubles seem to be entirely past mortem. The average man isn't so lucky.

Bliss Carman, the poet, says he "never reads what newspaper men write." This makes the matter just even.

The Boston Herald anxiously inquires: "Where is the sea serpent? Have you looked in the whisky jug?"

A recent experiment in St. Louis has demonstrated that hypnotism can cure an old woman or turning somersaults.

The St. Louis Republic tells of a Tennessee girl who swam across the river on a wafer. Wouldn't it have been easier to swim across on a horse?

It is a common error to suppose that the bulk of the world's population is in the United States. A change of weapons.

The Louisville Times-Tribune wants to know "what is more melancholy a restaurant waitress in a shirt waist, singing as she carves a pie?" Two of them.

Why should the fact that a man reads the papers disqualify him from jury service? Is ignorance desired in the jury box when a man's life hangs in the balance?

The injustice of a "double standard of morals" is being widely discussed. If some people would adopt a "single standard" even they and the world would be the gainers.

And now an archaeologist says the slot machine was in vogue 200 years before the Christian era. We didn't know just when the thing was invented, but we knew it was too old to be beaten.

The Louisville Times reports that "a frog in Graves County has got into an ordinary jug and cannot get out." Probably a closer examination will prove that that jug contains a snake instead of a frog.

Despite all the bowing and scraping and finger kissing between the czar and Emperor William, their standing armies do not cease for a moment but unsling their bayonets and keep their swords at a cutting edge.

A too-much married man at Zanesville, Ohio, claims to have committed bigamy by mistake. But the Chicago operator perpetrates no such blunders. What he accomplishes in this line he does by calculation and as an artist.

Every day or two the Chicago police force is called upon to investigate the truth of bottled messages picked up on the lake shore and telling of shipwreck and disaster or suicide. Of all forms of asinine joking ever devised by imbeciles this is the worst.

A worried New-Yorker writes to a Gotham paper to inquire how deep one can look into a Boston girl's eyes if she wears glasses. The New York paper "gives it up" without even trying the experiment. What is the matter with Gotham's newspaper enterprise?

Public sentiment in the subject of irrigation is a plant of slow growth. But headway is being made, and ultimately, beyond doubt, by private or Government energy, or both, an enormous section of now arid lands will be made to support in comfort thousands of families.

In Stockholm a policeman's lot is that of a dignitary. He must pass an extensive examination, after which he wears a handsome uniform and occupies quarters provided with fine furniture, hot and cold baths and a piano, with free singing lessons. The Swedish police system of telephones and electric bells is hardly equaled anywhere else in the world.

Dwellers along the Hudson have a queer complaint against the big steamers on that river. The boats are provided with immense search-lights, which they dash along the shores, with painfully dazzling effect when the beams strike the windows of a dwelling. A suit against the steamers is threatened by the superintendent of a hospital located on the river.

The case of the man who died in New York City thinking he had hydrophobia is not so isolated as some may think. There is no doubt that many of the so-called cases of that disease are merely the development of extreme instances of nervousness and fright. As the physicians attending him said, the man thought he had hydrophobia, and that was as bad as though he really had it. The real hydrophobia is rarer than is supposed.

Our English friends have a somewhat eccentric taste in American poets. Walt Whitman is their first choice and Joaquin Miller comes next. A negro poet, Paul L. Dunbar, formerly an elevator boy in this country, is said to have become a literary lion in London. Both Whitman and Miller must be credited with better poems than have come from the present English laureate, and the new negro bard will not amount to much if he fails to show more fire and felicity than Austin has done at any period of his career.

The son of Composer Wagner, who until lately has not been considered as particularly enthusiastic in the cult of his father's works, has suddenly become more so than the most fanatic of the partisans, and in European dispatches he is reported as having made

a violent attack upon his countrymen for not taking a livelier interest in the performances at Bayreuth. He says that the English and Americans are far better supporters of Wagnerism than the Germans themselves, and he adds a sting to this by saying that the French have "always been our most zealous adherents." This is the unthinking fanaticism of a late proselyte.

Prince Henri d'Orleans and the Count of Turin have met on the field of honor. As the result the fiery Italian now has a scratch across his right hand, not quite skin deep, and the Prince has a gash in his undershirt and a trifling slit in his side, deep enough to draw blood but not deep enough to cause any personal inconvenience beyond a cessation of the pastime. But honor has been satisfied. The seconds say so and they ought to know. Besides the principals have shaken hands and sworn eternal friendship. The Count has gone back to Italy; the job lot of challenges sent to Henri has been recalled; the bloodshed is off; the whole thing is settled. Neither man was hurt; but the actual losses were heavier than usual. In the third encounter the Prince's sword point struck a button on the Count's trousers and smashed it. This will have to be replaced. The Count temporarily is using a shingle nail to counterbalance his loss, but of course this cannot be accepted as a fair substitute. The gash in the Prince's undershirt must be sewed up and the expense will have to be borne by his friends. Princes, it must be remembered, always are long on honor and extremely short on cash.

Treasury reports for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1897, show a large falling off in the number of immigrants as compared with the preceding year. In 1897 the total number of aliens landing in this country was 230,832, a decrease of 112,435 in the number arriving in 1896. Nearly every country on the globe that sent us any of their people in 1896 reduced the number in 1897. The only countries that show an increase are Roumania 6, Poland 3,473 and Spain 105. The largest decreases in numbers are noted in Austria-Hungary, Germany, Ireland, Italy, Russia and Sweden. While the number of immigrants from Quebec and Ontario increased somewhat the total from British North America was less than last year. Turkey, China and Japan show slight gains in 1897. It is rather encouraging to notice that owing to the more strict enforcement of American immigration laws the largest per cent. of decrease has been in countries that have been notorious for the number of undesirable people contributed to our population. Hungary, Italy, Russia—each shows a very marked decline in the total number of emigrants. Another peculiar showing in the report is in regard to the sexes of the immigrants. In 1896 the number of males was 212,466 and in 1897 it was 135,107, a decrease of 77,359; but in 1896 the number of females was 130,801, or 38 per cent. of the totals, and the present year it was 95,725, or 41 per cent. of all.

The reports of the Board of Health, showing the number of deaths in Chicago and their causes, give some curious facts relating to suicide, which are made known with such astonishing frequency in the newspapers, although it is only such as are attended with peculiar circumstances that find their way into print. The average number of suicides is very uniform through the year, being about twenty-eight and a fraction each month, and while the number varies somewhat, one month with another, there does not seem to be one month, or set of months, when the number largely predominates that of the corresponding period of another year. In July, 1896, the number of suicides was twenty-six and in the same month of 1897 it was forty-two. In June, '96, thirty-nine persons took their lives, and in the same month of '97 thirty-three committed suicide. Two of the peculiar things shown by the reports are the very small number of natives of the city who seek violent deaths. Less than one-half of the suicides in Chicago are of American birth, and it is rare indeed that one of them is a native-born resident. For the first six months of 1896 no native of the municipality is reported among the suicides, while fifty-six were Americans and 120 were foreign born. The Daily News says it is probable that many of these foreign-born residents bring with them to this country the common ideas regarding suicide that obtain in their native land, for suicide is more frequent in some European countries than it is here; and the classes most likely to resort to it make up the large body of immigrants to America. As a rule Americans are better educated, better housed, clothed and fed than the immigrants; they are not so easily depressed and they have better associations. The discouragements that lead to self-destruction are less frequent among Americans than with the foreign inhabitants, while there is a stronger spirit of determination among Americans than any other people in the world. Hence suicide is not generally regarded by them as a remedy that is worth the trial.

For Dead and Mourner.
City life tends to make the funerals of its people less and less elaborate. Business keeps funeral attendants from attending the last ceremonies, till each year finds fewer and fewer of the deceased's companions accompanying the body to its last resting-place. This state of affairs has led to the introduction in New York of a combination vehicle for funerals, in which the coffin is placed at the top, with seats underneath for friends who wish to go to the graveyard. There is a special partitioned apartment for the relatives of the dead.

Density of Deep Water.
So dense is the water in the deepest parts of the ocean that an ironclad, if it were to sink, would never reach the bottom.



The wedding day was set and a rush



A PRACTICAL TEST.

THE curtain rang down, and the play was over. A drama it had been called, but it partook of tragedy, and its strong climaxes, handled as they were by competent players, were received by the audience with uncontrolled storms of applause.

My friend Lester and I, old theater goers as we were, thrilled with the others at the strong human touch of the actors' art, and were silent as we slowly moved outward in the performed crush and chatter of the fashionable crowd. We went to a quiet restaurant where we did not follow, and ordered our chops and ale.

Released from the swell of the counter-world in which we had lived for some two hours, the prosaic reality of actual life soon brought us back to our normal condition of mind.

"Doesn't it seem strange," said Lester, who carried all kinds of theories in his head, "that a play like that should impress any one as a true representation of life?"

"So it seemed to me," I answered, in some surprise, for Lester, I had noticed, had yielded as fully, if not more so, to the spell of the performance than I myself had. "The plot was far less improbable than the happenings set forth in our daily papers, the situations were brought about naturally, and the handling of the characters unusually well managed."

"Yes," said Lester, "I know that's true, but you haven't caught my idea. No wonder, though, for I haven't advanced it yet. I was just thinking of the language that playwrights and novelists put in the mouths of their characters. When do you ever hear real people use such stilted high-flown talk? Of course I know it's necessary for them to improve on our everyday slipshod lingo, or the whole thing would be a fiasco, but, all the same it isn't true to nature. I refer particularly to strong emotional scenes. In such crises in real life the participants will always lose what little ideas of grammar, construction, and choice of language they generally have, and either stammer out a lot of idiotic commonplaces, simply swear, or turn dumb as brutes. Now in the novel or the drama their talk always rises to the emergency. That's art, of course, but it isn't truth."

"I don't altogether agree with you," I said. "I think that even in actual life men and women when confronted with some great and sudden danger, sorrow, or other moving sentiment, rise above their petty conventionalities of expression and use language sometimes as passionate, lofty, and dramatic as that belonging to literature or the stage. We modern people have become slaves to the artificial and have frittered away our souls on sordid things. We express ourselves jerkily, slangily, and poorly. We aim at pertness, and brevity, and have a foolish dislike for allowing others to see what is in our hearts. Our whole talk is devoted to diplomacy, deception, and the concealment of our thoughts. But, at heart we are still men and women, and a genuine and powerful emotion will, I think, in five cases out of six, bring to the lips words fully as theatric, melodramatic and 'stagey' as those we heard on the boards to-night or read in books."

"You're wrong, old man," said Lester, in his positive way. "We're hopelessly unpoetic in our parlance. Get one of us into an end of fifth act dejection, and we either get tongue-tied or talk unintelligible rot. Give us half an hour for preparation, and we might think up something appropriate to say, but not off hand. We let down just as the fellow did who on coming home and finding his horse and family burned up, remarked: 'Well, I declare, this is a delicious!' Grief knocks out grammar, and sudden shocks are fatal to syntax. People don't indulge in heroics nowadays. They simply can't do it. The twentieth century atmosphere is unfavorable to them. Remember in the play to-night the pathetic and wonderfully fetching monologue of the artist's wife when he is brought to her killed in the duel? What would a woman off the stage do? Cry, of course, and about all she would say would be something like, 'Oh, isn't it too awfully awful!'"

"Well," I said, as the chops came up brown and fragrant, "you can't expect people to talk blank verse and indulge in elevated apostrophe on ordinary occasions, but I dare say that the first time you happen to witness a scene with the proper amount of tragedy in it, you'll hear some talk very much the same kind you find between novel covers and across the footlights."

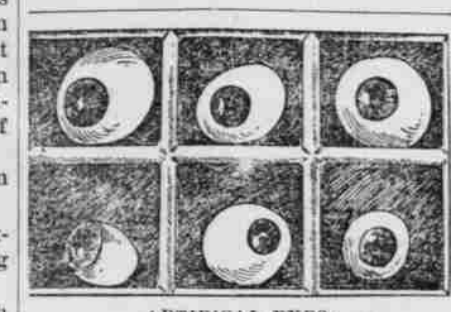
"I guess so," said Lester.

Lester was a brilliant young man, and had a future before him. I also pursued with some eagerness the phantom of hope, and we confided in each other concerning the cut and fit of our coming laurel wreaths.

Lester was engaged to a girl with the air and direct frankness of a child, and eyes forty-seven fathoms deep. I had looked into them and always felt like drawing back a step or two when I did. Her eyelashes looked to me like rushes on a river bank that was likely to cave in. She was devoted to Lester, and he, well, whenever we met I had girl served up in every possible style and eyes for dessert. I envied him his buoyant happiness, and encouraged him in his belief that the earth was made for her to inhabit.

MAKING ARTIFICIAL EYES.

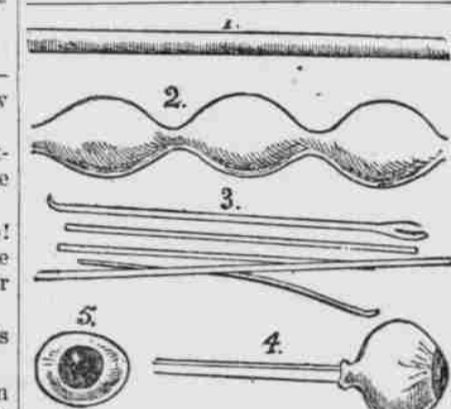
Enamel Now the Base of All the Good Ones.
It seems incredible that the demand for artificial eyes should be as great as it is, and that large firms in America, Germany, France and England find it difficult to execute the orders received from all parts of the globe.



ARTIFICIAL EYES.

The eyes in their first stage looked like gigantic oblong beads and their blowpipe over which they are manipulated is supplied with wind pumped by engine-power into a large cylinder and stored under water-pressure, in place of the old-fashioned bellows worked by the feet. A single operator is able to turn them out at the rate of fifty glasses a day.

The next workroom is occupied by girls engaged in coloring eyes, all of whom work in little partitions and spaces boarded off, in order to exclude all light except that of their blow-pipes. They place a stick of colored enamel on the summit of the globe, which being gently heated in the flame and continuously rotated, forms a spot of whatever color the eye is intended to be.



STAGES OF MANUFACTURE.

No. 1, enamel tube; No. 2, the same tube blown into glass; No. 3, sticks of enamel for coloring iris; No. 4, eye attached to glass tube to be colored; No. 5, finished eye.

and this, gradually spreading out, flattens and forms the iris, a spot of darker enamel being dropped into the center to represent the pupil. This is afterwards covered with a thick layer of crystal to form the cornea.

To the onlooker the principal difficulty appears to be that of distinguishing the shades of color when they are red-hot, but when the eye cools every color and mark is as accurate as if made with a brush or pencil. The eye is now detached from the blow-pipe, cooled, and then sent into the cutting-room, from which it emerges shaped in a little hollow oval with irregular edges, like a broken bird's egg.



COLORING AND ANNEALING.

The cutting is a very delicate and difficult operation, as a hair's breadth deviation in size will make a material difference in the fitting. The edges are next fired, and the eye is allowed to cool very gradually, this being the annealing, or tempering, process, which renders the enamel less liable to break, though at this stage it often flies to pieces, and a new eye has to be made.

The final process is the polishing, after which the eye is dispatched to its owner, or, if not made to order, is placed in stock.

For matching and fixing artificial eyes, considerable skill and experienced judgment are necessary, for the eye in order to defy detection, must not only resemble the original in color and size, but also in every little peculiarity and expression.

The sclerotic, or white, is never the same shade in the eyes of two individuals. In children's eyes it is a pale blue; in old people gray, darkening as

INSURE YOUR LIFE

NO SAFER PLAN to provide for your family in case of death, than a policy of insurance in the—

New York Life Insurance Company
Call on or address
W. H. BURBAGE, Special Agent.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.
United States Depository.

Authorized Capital.....\$500,000
Paid in Capital.....100,000
Surplus.....50,000

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
J. S. REYNOLDS, President
M. W. FLOURNOY, Vice President
A. A. KEEN, Cashier
F. McKEE, Assistant Cashier
Directors—A. A. Grant, A. A. Keen, M. W. Flournoy, J. S. Reynolds, F. McKee.
Depository of the Athletics, Topeka & Santa Fe, and Atlantic & Pacific Railroads.

J. R. ARMIJO-SALOON

ST. JOHNS, ARIZONA.

The finest brands of Whiskies, Brandies, Wines and Cigars, constantly on hand. Courteous treatment is assured all visitors. When in St. Johns give me a call.

J. R. ARMIJO.

C. M. & M. I.

Corner Commercial and West Streets,
ST. JOHNS, ARIZONA.

Dealers in Dry Goods, Notions,

BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
CLOTHING, UNDERWEAR,
GROCERIES . AND . PROVISIONS,
FLOUR, GRAIN, CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE, HARDWARE,
TINWARE, FURNITURE, ETC.

Call on us for Lowest Prices.

Apache Co. Mercantile Comp'y

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Dry . Goods, . Clothing, . Notions,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, and Furnishing Goods, and a complete line of general merchandise.

CONCHO, APACHE CO., ARIZONA.

ALFRED RUIZ, Manager.

APACHE COUNTY

BUREAU OF INFORMATION

By addressing the undersigned

Intending Settlers and Home Seekers will be furnished with all information covering the resources of Apache County—climate, soil, products, water facilities, land, etc., etc.

THE BEST AND MOST FEASIBLE ROUTES to travel to visit our locality, probable cost, and all general information needed.

Address all communications to
COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION,
St. Johns, Apache County, Arizona.